



7-1933

July 1933

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Recommended Citation

Davies, William Preston, "July 1933" (1933). *W. P. Davies' Newspaper Column ('That Reminds Me')*. 77.
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A FORMER CANADIAN WHO attends a gathering of old settlers at Pembina is quite sure to meet a lot of people who were neighbors



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of his in the old days, although neither they nor he may have been aware of the fact at the time. So, at the meeting at Pembina on Wednesday, I, who spent most of my youth in Brant county and part of it in Huron, met there former residents of Galt, Guelph, Paris, Goderich, and I don't know

how many other places with which I was familiar years ago. There is something in the sharing of experience that makes for friendship. Two men from the same locality in Maine or Illinois who should meet in North Dakota, even though they had never known each other, would find it interesting to compare notes concerning their former home, and if they should find that they knew some of the same people, or had fished in the same creek, or gazed admiringly upon the same bit of scenery, the springs of friendship would be touched, and those men would feel themselves closer to each other than if they had come from opposite sides of the continent. And so, when old Ontario people foregather, there are created new friendships which have their roots in the experiences of half a century ago.

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PEMBINA IS HISTORIC place. It was there that the first fur-trading post in what is now North Dakota was established. There the members of Lord Selkirk's colony established themselves for a time, and some of the descendants of those colonists still live in the vicinity. The first church in this section of the northwest was established there. The little city was an important port in the days of river navigation. There was established a military fort where troops were stationed for the maintenance of order and the preservation of peace between Indians and whites. And into that community poured settlers from eastern Ontario, from the Ottawa valley and French Canadians from Quebec and the New England states. The result is a stable, dependable and progressive community.

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ONE OF THE FORMER CANADIANS, for many years a resident of Pembina, is District Judge W.

J. Kneeshaw, who was a speaker at the meeting Wednesday. A good many years ago I found that Judge Kneeshaw and I had been near neighbors, my home being in Brandford and his at Paris, only 10 miles away. Naturally we knew many of the same people, and in the course of our conversation it developed that his cousin is married to my cousin. Just how he and I are related is left for the class in arithmetic to determine. Another coincidence is that he and my father-in-law, long since deceased, as young men were members of the same militia company that helped to rout the Fenian raiders in 1870. For his services during that disturbance Judge Kneeshaw was awarded a medal by the Canadian government many years ago, and quite recently he was made an honorary member of the Canadian Legion post at Emerson.

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JUDGE KNEESHAW HAS been known as a lawyer and jurist rather than in connection with agriculture or commerce. Yet it was he who shipped the first wheat that was ever shipped from Pembina. The shipment was made shortly after the railway had reached Fisher. It consisted of 600 bushels of wheat in sacks and it was shipped by steamer from Pembina to Fisher and thence by rail to St. Paul.

IN THE EARLY DAYS THERE was great rivalry between Pembina and St. Vincent, just across the Red river in Minnesota. In one year both towns arranged for Fourth of July celebrations, and the Pembina committee arranged with a traveling band for a stipulated price to provide music for the celebration there. Somebody in St. Vincent, having no regard for the sanctity of contracts, made a higher bid for the band, which repudiated its original contract and agreed to play at St. Vincent.

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PEMBINA COULD NOT SUBMIT to such a breach of contract. A council of war was held and a line of action mapped out. Judge Kneeshaw was at that time a justice of the peace, and there appeared before him complainants asking for legal redress. The judge signed the necessary papers, and when the Winnipeg train arrived it was boarded by peace officers from Pembina, who proceeded, by virtue of the writs which they held, to seize and remove from the train all the band instruments. The spectacle of Jud LaMoure and other notables lugging off drums and bass horns is said to have made a pleasing picture. The band accepted the inevitable and played for the Pembina celebration.

I HAVE WRITTEN BEFORE of the wonderful coloring of the landscape as it is seen from a plane, something with which all air travelers are familiar, but



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which surprised me greatly on my first flight some years ago. One might suppose that when seen from an elevation of a mile or so outlines would become blurred and colors tend to become indistinct. That is the usual effect when the observer looks at things horizontally. Perhaps this is true when the observer is many miles above the earth. But from the moderate elevations at which planes usually travel the main features of the landscape stand out with wonderful distinctness and there is an unbelievable richness and variety of color.

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UNFORTUNATELY IT IS weeds that supply some of the most brilliant color. One sees, for instance, in places, great masses of the most vivid yellow, perfectly beautiful, but not pleasant to deal with, for the yellow is that of wild mustard in bloom. Everyone has seen fields of wild mustard, but the same field is not half as yellow when seen from the road as from a plane. But not all the color is that of weeds. Fields of clean grain, alfalfa, sweet clover, beets and corn, timber belts and natural pasture all have their own distinct shades, and all reflect light with an intensity of color that seems impossible. A little later when the grain has been cut and the fields show to the traveler on the road only the sober tints of amber and brown, they show to the air traveler great masses of brilliant green where no green is supposed to be. This is the vegetation growing close to the ground but which is hidden from view of one who looks horizontally.

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THE RED RIVER IS KNOWN as a crooked stream. To appreciate its real crookedness it must be seen from the air. From any other point of view one sees only a little bit of the stream at one time. It is possible to see in one direction that the stream has come around a bend, and that a little farther on it disappears around another bend. But from above one gets the whole picture at once and sees how crooked it is possible for a river to be. There are stories of

steamboat races on the river in the old days when two steamers on opposite sides of a big bend would be traveling in parallel courses and both in the same direction, east or west, as the case might be, with the strip of land between them so narrow that glimpses of one boat could be had occasionally from the other, and yet one steamer would be going up stream and the other down stream. In such cases races for those short stretches were frequent. Sometimes those stories have been discredited as exaggerations. To those who may doubt the possibility of such races I recommend a ride on the mail plane to Pembina. That will bring conviction.

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IN ONE OF HIS REMINIScent letters George B. Winship tells of a remarkable occurrence in early river history, which had nothing to do with the crookedness of the river, but which astonished those who were on the spot at the time. Winship and Budge had established their stage station on the Turtle river—near where Manvel is now — and one evening they and their two assistants were resting after the labors of the day, when mysterious sounds were heard. There was the sound of men's voices, accompanied by a series of dull thuds. There was not a habitation of any kind between Grand Forks and Pembina and there were no campers in the vicinity. It was uncanny to hear such sounds in the dusk of a summer evening, and as the flesh of the listeners began to creep there was heard another sound, soft and melodious, the sound of a woman's voice. Then there rang out a peal of laughter ending with a wild whoop, which those who heard it knew could be made by no other person than Mrs. Alex. Griggs, bride of the famous river captain, who made frequent trips up and down the river with her husband on the new steamer Selkirk.

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THAT CONVINCED THE listeners that the sounds were of this world, but the fact that they were heard at such a distance remained a remarkable fact. It transpired that the Selkirk, en route up the river, had tied up at the mouth of the Turtle river for the purpose of taking on a supply of cordwood which the deck hands threw from the bank to the deck, all the while keeping up a desultory conversation, and Mrs. Griggs broke into the conversation with one of her familiar spasms of laughter. Those sounds were heard at the stage station, nine miles away. Some atmospheric peculiarity had sent their vibrations that distance up the valley of the Turtle.

H. J. HULICK, OF ORR, ONE of the jurors serving at the present district court term in Grand Forks, took advantage of the recess to at-



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the owner of a claim nearby, had been to Niagara and returned with the news that an excursion train would pass through on the Fourth, and the two young men made the trip.

DEVILS LAKE WAS CROWD-ed with visitors, and there was more going on than one young fellow could absorb. Mr. Hulick missed the steamboat ride. The boat was loaded to capacity soon after the arrival of the train, and Captain Heerman started out immediately. Water deep enough for the steamer came at that time right up to the city. Interested persons may still see the timbers of the old dock not far from the Great Northern station.

MENTION HAS BEEN MADE of the influx of gamblers to Devils Lake as soon as the rails were laid. Those men had kept pretty close to the "end of steel," wherever it happened to be. For some time Larimore was their headquarters. Then they moved on to Bartlett. Then they pulled up stakes and started their games at Devils Lake, and they did a thriving business with the excursionists on that famous Fourth of July.

MR. HULICK HAS REPEATED to me a story about that celebration for which he does not vouch, because he has no personal knowledge of it, and he has been unable to verify it. It is that Jud LaMoure served as marshal of the day at that celebration, riding horseback attired in a white uniform with a tall white hat. At that time Mr. Hulick knew nothing of Jud LaMoure, and he has no recollection of who served as marshal. He would like to learn from some one who knows if the story is true. Jud LaMoure in that outfit would have made an impressive picture.

A N O T H E R UNVERIFIED story relates to the changing of the name of Stickney to Ojata, the present name. Ojata, it appears, was originally on the Turtle river, somewhere north of Arvilla. There was keen rivalry between the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific for business of all kinds in the territory into which both were building. Both were hot after government contracts for the shipment of supplies for the Indian reservations and for military posts. Hill built his road as far west as Stickney and presently changed the name of the station to Ojata. He then wired Washington that he had built his road as far as Ojata and made application for certain contracts and got them.

MR. HULICK CAME TO DA-kota territory in 1881 from Bancroft, Michigan. The two cars containing his livestock and other effects formed part of an emigrant train on the Grand Trunk, which had just been built into Chicago. The cars were set out in the yards, and Mr. Hulick waited some time for the next move. After a long time a yard engine came along and the engineer asked where Mr. Hulick was going. He replied, to Larimore, Dakota. The engineer appeared not to be interested in that, and left. After a while another engine came along, with another inquiry, to which the same answer was given. Presently the cars began to move, and Mr. Hulick found himself hooked onto a Chicago and Alton train, which did not seem right to him. Just as the conductor was about to give the high sign Mr. Hulick asked where the train was going. He was told to St. Louis.

MR. HULICK PROTESTED that he had no business at St. Louis, and that he was on his way to St. Paul and Larimore, Dakota. The conductor investigated and found that the orders were for Laramie, Kansas. Nobody had ever heard of Larimore, Dakota. The matter was finally straightened out and the cars were brought to St. Paul, and then to Barnesville. There the boiler makers were on strike, and the only engine that could be steamed up was one without a jacket. With that motive power the train started for Grand Forks at about four miles an hour, and four or five miles from Grand Forks the engine died and a brakeman had to walk in to Grand Forks for a yard engine to go out and haul the train in. Mr. Hulick and his cars reached Larimore, Dakota, just nine days after leaving Michigan.

LAST WEEK THE LITERARY Digest came out with a new cover, new type dress and form and new editorial features. Heretofore the



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Digest has not published original articles, its content being made up of representative clippings from many publications, American and foreign, with brief editorial summaries and explanatory text. This method of handling current events is to be continued, but in addition the magazine will present original articles by writers who are specially informed on the subjects treated. Appropriately, as the magazine is inaugurating a "new deal" in its own form and content, the cover carried an excellent portrait of President Roosevelt at his desk in the White House.

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THIS IMPRESSES ME AS THE most attractive picture of President Roosevelt that I have seen. It gives the impression of a man of force and determination, and at the same time with great reserves of power. It is a rather stern face that is presented, but, after all, handling the president's job is rather stern business. There is also beneath the sternness the suggestion of latent humor, as if one might expect a smile or a burst of laughter if the occasion warranted.

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THIS PICTURE IS TO ME, and, I know, to some others, a welcome relief from the recent series of pictures of prominent people, each wearing a broad grin, as if he, or she, had just heard a funny story or were about to tell one. I don't know who set the fashion of treating life—in portraiture—as if it were just one big joke, but I don't like it. When people are photographed in situations which are obviously funny, we expect them to look as if they were enjoying the fun, but there are other occasions when the appearance of clowning becomes offensive.

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TWINS ARE QUITE APT TO resemble each other. Quite often casual acquaintances cannot tell them apart, and occasionally even their intimates cannot distinguish one from the other. Quite often, too, there is such a strong resemblance between brothers or sisters who are not twins that it is confusing. But I never heard of but one case in which one person mistook himself, or herself, for somebody else.

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TWO SISTERS, WITH AGES about two years apart, and both

well along toward 70, lived in different cities. Some persons may have noticed a certain family resemblance between them, but I never heard it mentioned, and, although I knew them well, I never thought of any resemblance. Lucy, the elder, was in a large department store, and across the room she saw a lady whom she took to be her sister. "Why, there's Mary," she exclaimed. "How in the world did she get here?" Then she discovered that she was looking at her own image in a huge wall mirror. It was the first time that she had discovered any resemblance between herself and Mary.

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WILL McHAFFIE, A CHUM OF mine back east, and for many years a resident of Helena, Mont., had a brother Charlie, next younger than himself. Will ran a little book store, and Charlie clerked in a drug store. We boys who knew them both well never thought of them looking alike, and after such a suggestion had been made by others I took particular pains to see if I could find any resemblance and could find none except as to size and general build. Yet persons who knew them only casually were continually mistaking one for the other.

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ONE OFTEN HEARS THE remark "How much that child looks like its mother!" while another will say of the same child "Isn't that child just the image of its father?" I suppose that the answer is that the child resembles both father and mother. One person recognized one resemblance, and another the other. The likenesses are there, but they are concealed, much as the images of persons and objects are concealed in some of the puzzle pictures which were so common a few years ago. One might look the picture over indefinitely without detecting the portrait of the famous statesman or actress concealed in the foliage, but when it was once found it was as distinct as the nose on one's face.

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I HAVE JUST BEEN NOTING the condition of the soil as to moisture in a gas-main excavation near by. A few inches from the surface the soil shows the effect of last week's rain. Then, for a couple of feet the soil is so dry that it crumbles at a touch. Below that there are increasing evidences of moisture, until six feet down the clay is quite sticky. The conclusion to be drawn from this, I suppose, is that surface evaporation has been so rapid that it has not only used up all the precipitation, but has drawn on the subsoil moisture more rapidly than the drain could be supplied. It seems as if it would take about a couple of feet of rain to put the soil in normal condition.

A LITTLE WHILE AGO I MENTIONED John Fax in connection with the measuring of the water in our reservoir in Brantford, Ontario.



Davies That mention naturally brings to mind the entire Fax family, of whom there were several members. The four boys and two girls were all musical and at different times served as professional or semi-professional entertainers. Jim, originally a tailor, became widely known as a professional entertainer and many former Canadians now in North Dakota have enjoyed his performances. Reuben, youngest of the boys, clerked in a shoe store and did humorous bits with Jim Kennedy and Joe Lee for several years, then took up the drama in earnest. He starred as Svengali in "Trilby," and visited Grand Forks with Stoddard in "The Bonnie Brier Bush." He died suddenly not long after his last appearance in Grand Forks.

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JOHN WAS A GOOD SINGER, a clever impersonator, and an ardent flirt. He liked girls and they liked him, but his propensity for having two or three on the string at one time kept getting him into trouble. His real steady, just before I left town, was a charming girl to whom he was understood to be engaged. He thought she was the finest girl in the world, but that fact did not deter him from paying attention to other fine girls as they came along. Sometimes those attentions were so marked that the regular girl would become miffed and here would be a tiff and a reconciliation.

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FEAR OF GIVING OFFENSE caused John to employ little subterfuges and commit little deceptions, and when these were discovered there would be more trouble. In one escapade he was particularly unfortunate. A new girl had come to town from up country and John couldn't resist the temptation to take her places and be nice to her. In between times he squired his regular girl and tried to keep her in ignorance of his other activities, but she became suspicious and learned that John was not always telling her the whole truth. The new girl got to think a lot of John and the situation was becoming very thick and the triangle exceedingly pointed.

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WHEN THE STORM CLOUDS were getting thick the new girl was

called home and John was heartily glad of it, for he could see the end of his troubles. She was to take a train at St. George, a small station just north of Brantford and John hired a horse and buggy and drove her there. A moment after they drove into the station yard the train came puffing in. The horse took fright, whirled, cramped the buggy and upset it. The occupants were thrown out and the girl's leg was broken. John, horrified, gathered her up, and as he held her in his arms his regular girl, who happened to have an errand at St. George, came driving up and caught him in the act.

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THIS ADVENTURE, WHICH occurred shortly after I left town, resulted in a long estrangement, and I never got the subsequent facts definitely, but my recollection is that John succeeded in pacifying the regular girl and ultimately married her. In that case I am sure they would live happily forever after.

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LAST YEAR I HAD TROUBLE with elm borers and wrote about it. I lost two trees from the ravages of the pests, and came within an ace of losing them all. Vigorous treatment saved them, and they are now healthy and making wonderful growth. But the bugs are still with us. Though nowhere as numerous as last year their presence was noted, and the trees have had further treatment.

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THERE IS SOME QUESTION as to whether the borers of this year are from eggs laid after last year's treatment or were dormant beneath the bark last year and escaped unobserved. Anyway, the few found have been busy, and if they had not been detected there would have been a lot more trouble. This time we are experimenting with a paper wrapping around the trees. The material used is the tough sheathing paper with tarred center, cut in long, narrow strips which are wound spirally around the trunk from ground to branches. The idea is to prevent the laying of eggs in the bark by the beetles whose larvae do the chewing. The larvae are fat, whitish grubs with dark heads—mean-looking critters.

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THESE BORERS, OR OTHERS similar to them, were found last year not only in elms, but in Chinese elms, poplar and ash trees. They work under the bark and loosen it, sometimes in patches several inches square. I am informed that their preference is for young trees, and that there is not much to be feared from them when the trees have aged and the bark has become thick and tough.

THE WORLD'S FAIR IN CHICAGO reminds me of the first street fair in Grand Forks. There may not have been much similarity between



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the two, but they are likened together in my mind by an unforgettable incident. I haven't heard much about street fairs of late, but some thirty years ago they were quite popular, and the first one held in Grand Forks was a decided success, for one thing, because of its novelty. The physical arrangements for the fair were quite simple. Each business house provided for the erection immediately in front of its store or office of a booth or booths for the display of exhibits, and in these booths were shown entries of the line of farm products, fancy work and so forth usually shown at agricultural fairs. Judging was done and prizes awarded in the usual manner. Provision was made also for parades, bicycle races and other sports.

OUR FIRST STREET FAIR was held, I think, during the first week in October, that late date being chosen in order that as wide a variety as possible of farm and garden products might be shown. Fortunately the weather was good, regular Indian summer days, warm and quiet, and even the nights were comfortably warm. Good progress had been made with farm work and there was a fine line of exhibits and excellent attendance. For the kind of fair that had been intended nothing could have worked out better.

IN MOVING ALONG WITH the crowd up and down the line of exhibits one afternoon some of us noticed just ahead of us a large woman in a flashy costume who was also making the rounds with a woman friend. The friend seemed to think that it was a pretty good show, but the first lady was not impressed. She had been at the World's fair in Chicago a year or two before, and she wanted everybody to know it. In a voice that carried some distance she dismissed every exhibit and every feature to which her attention was invited with the remark: "You ought to have seen the World's Fair in Chicago."

I SUPPOSE WE RAN ACROSS that lady a dozen times during the afternoon, and each time she was holding forth for the benefit of all within the sound of her voice on the superiority of the World's Fair in Chicago to the Grand Forks street fair. We had not heard of Einstein then, but the principle of relativity was as valid then as now. And the Grand Forks street fair was as good of its kind as the World's fair was of its kind.

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A CURRENT MAGAZINE ARTICLE deals with the competition among cities for industries, and the efforts made by misguided persons to bribe industries to move by paying them bonuses or giving them extraordinary advantages of one sort or another. I had supposed that all that was of the past, but the article treats the subject as if there had been a revival of the practice.

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THERE WAS A TIME WHEN the principal, if not the sole business of a chamber of commerce was supposed to be to attract industries to its town and its value to the community was estimated on the basis of the number of factories which it had brought in. The mistaken emphasis that was placed on factories was capitalized by fly-by-night concerns to the sorrow of many an ambitious community.

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INDUSTRIES WHICH, IN fact, were often insolvent, put themselves up for sale to the highest bidder, and the successful bidder was usually the one that was stung. Grand Forks has escaped extensive experience of this kind, although it has made two or three unfortunate ventures in industries that failed to pan out. The losses incurred have long since been charged off, and the industries which we have now are legitimate and are real assets to the community.

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TWO OR THREE EFFORTS were made to interest Grand Forks people in canning factories, and the plans were made to look very attractive. In each case, however, when the thing was simmered down it developed that the promoters were interested, not in the operation of a canning factory, but in selling a lot of machinery and equipment at a long price. When it was suggested that the promoters put up some real money of their own they folded their tents and silently stole away.

ACCOUNTS OF FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY celebrations which are being held at various places in the northwest have revived memories of the old days in the mind of Gus Barlow, who came



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to the Red river valley in 1876, and who now lives on the farm which his father homesteaded about five miles north of Grand Forks. Mr. Barlow, now 77 years old, came to Grand Forks with his father, August Barlow, a veteran river steamboat man from the Mississippi. The elder Barlow had navigated the Mississippi for many years, most of the time being spent on the upper river on the run between St. Louis and Stillwater. Like other river men of that era he knew the Mississippi like a book. When James J. Hill entered the transportation business on the Red river Barlow came north and joined forces with Hill, in whose service he remained for five or six years. Quite naturally, in selecting a homestead, he chose one on the river bank, and the Barlow farm, five miles north of the city, was for many years a favorite picnic spot for boating parties from the city.

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GUS BARLOW, THE PRESENT owner of the farm, has resurrected from among his papers a certificate of membership in the Red River Valley Old Settlers association which certifies that A. H. Barlow is a member of the association, which was organized in 1879 and incorporated in 1897. The certificate is signed by James K. Swan as president and C. A. Lounsberry as secretary. Jim Swan was engaged for years in the livery business in Grand Forks and he was sheriff of Grand Forks county. My recollection is that he was the first person to hold that office. Colonel Lounsberry was a newspaper man who came to Dakota in the early seventies, established the Bismarck Tribune, lived in Fargo for years, and wrote voluminously on the history of North Dakota.

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THE RED RIVER VALLEY Old Settlers association was an exclusive and aristocratic body. Only those were eligible to membership who had arrived in the valley prior

to December 31, 1881. Within that limit, however, were admitted all residents of any of the counties bordering on the Red river in Minnesota, North Dakota and Manitoba. As in other aristocratic bodies, there were gradations of nobility. Members of the British peerage are listed in the order of their dignity as dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts and barons, and each wears his appropriate insignia, strawberry leaves and what not, to indicate his rank. The Old Settlers adopted a similar plan. Heading the list were those who had arrived in 1871 or before that time, who were designated as of the Catfish tribe. Next came the Dog-train group, who had arrived from 1872

to 1876. In the Ox-cart section were those who had arrived 1877 to 1879 and the Stage-coach members were those who had come in 1880 or 1881. Gold emblems representative of each group were furnished to members at a cost of \$1.75 each. Provision was also made for the election of honorary members, whose emblem was the birch bark canoe. While the meetings were thoroughly democratic, those of the Stage-coach tribe paid due deference to their superiors, the Catfish members, and so on, which was fitting and proper.

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MANAGERS OF CITY PARKS have to struggle continually with the problem of litter. Grand Forks, on the whole, is fortunate in this respect, for most of those who frequent the parks avoid the scattering of paper and bits of food and try to leave the premises in as neat condition as they found it. Central park in New York is a sight to behold after a Sunday in summer with almost the whole area covered with all sorts of rubbish. There are police regulations, but violators are not always easy to identify. One city justice in New York adopted a new method. Violators who were brought before him were given the option of paying a stiff fine or working three hours under police supervision at cleaning up the park. A lot of them, being out of funds, and not wishing to go to jail, went to work in the park and the police saw to it that they did a real job. The object lesson ought to be a good one.

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A FEW DAYS AGO I MENTIONED the Literary Digest's change in cover and content. I thought the portrait of Roosevelt was fine. I don't think so much of the cartoon of Douglas. The illustrations

on the old cover were fine, and a collection of them would be a treasure. The new departure looks like the abandonment of a fine standard for something not nearly so good. As to the changed content—we shall see.

REV. FRANK HOLLETT, whose death occurred a few days ago, was in every sense a missionary—a man with a mission. His mission was to bring happiness to



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and to that service his life was dedicated, whether he happened to be in the wilds of Labrador, on the plains of North Dakota, or wearing the uniform of his adopted country as chaplain of an army battalion. His early life was spent among the fisher folk of Labrador, whose joys and sorrows he shared, whose physical hardships he alleviated, and to whom he brought intellectual enlightenment and spiritual consolation. As pastor of many frontier churches, he entered sympathetically into the life of those whom he served. As an army chaplain he won not only the respect, but the enduring affection of the young men to whom he gave the wise counsel of an understanding friend. A warm friend has characterized his career in this sentence:

"Unafraid he answered the Master's call to service; unafraid he answered the Master's call to rest."

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THAT IT DOES NOT DO TO believe all we hear is shown by comparing the various rumors which are heard about the "Century of Progress" exhibition in Chicago and the varied experiences of persons who have attended the exhibition.

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THERE HAVE BEEN MANY reports that business places, hotels, especially, have boosted prices unconscionably for the period of the fair. One man who is very familiar with Chicago and who spent several days at the fair says that he found no evidence anywhere of increased prices.

One Grand Forks man returned from the fair reporting that he had spent \$100 there in three days and had not found anything worth seeing. Another man, also from Grand Forks, spent several days at the fair and reported on his return

that each day he had paid 50 cents for admission and was kept so busy during the days seeing interesting things without cost that he could scarcely find time to spend any money.

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A FAMILY PARTY OF SIX drove to Chicago, and found a large, well-equipped apartment, with all the comforts and conveniences of home, in a pleasant and quiet suburb just outside the city limits. They were told that it would not do to drive down to the

fair because of congested traffic and the impossibility of finding parking space anywhere near the grounds. For a day or so they used the "L." Then they found excellent parking accommodations only a few steps from their entrance, and many blocks nearer than the "L" station. The parking charge for the day was 50 cents, which was about half the "L" fare going and coming. When they were ready to go "home" their car was right there ready for them, and they could choose any one of a dozen ways to return.

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I HAVE FLOWN IN A PLANE and dived in a submarine, but I have never had the courage to tackle one of those "scenic" railways that they have at fairs. The blamed things are too abrupt and unexpected to suit me. Them as likes 'em can have 'em.

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NEWSPAPER READERS WILL remember the crash of the ten-passenger Sikorsky plane, with its load of passengers while cruising over Chicago a few weeks ago. I happened to see the take-off of the twin of that ship from the Pembina airport about ten days ago. I was told that the Chicago cruising concern whose plane had crashed had bought its mate from the Northwest Airways company and it had been refitted for the Chicago service at the Pembina port. As a matter of fact, I don't know a Sikorsky from a Chevrolet, in which I am more ignorant than most of the boys around town, but the design of that particular ship looked odd to me. The tail was attached to the wings by a pair of what looked like two-by-sixes, which gave the whole thing more of a skeleton-like appearance than seems to be usual now in plane construction.

THE BIG CITY HAS ITS advantages, but there are many who prefer the little town. The following tribute to the little town, clipped from a magazine, is submitted by Mrs. Chas. Barlow:

IN A LITTLE TOWN
By Mrs. Robert Watt

I like to live in a little town
Where the trees meet over the street,
And you wave your hand and say
"hello"

To everyone you meet.

I like to stop for a minute
Outside a grocery store
And hear the kindly gossip
Of the folks moving in next door.

For the life is interwoven
With the friends you learn to know,

And you feel their joys and sorrows

As they daily come and go.

So I'm glad to live in a little town
And I care no more to roam,
For every house in a little town
Is more than a house—it's home.

H. L. HILLMAN, WHO LIVES at 119 Cottonwood street, reports something in bird behavior which is entirely new to him, as it is to



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me. Under the concrete walk at his home ants have been excavating and have brought to the surface and deposited considerable quantities of sand. Birds have been attracted by the insects and have eaten many of them. Mr. Hillman is interested in birds and often feeds those that frequent the premises and he has enjoyed watching them. Robins, sparrows and some other birds have fed on the ants in quite the usual way, but the behavior of a pair of blue jays that frequent the place has been quite different. Each of these birds on picking up an ant, instead of swallowing it, tucked it in among its breast feathers, repeating the process many times. But this was only part of the performance. The bird would spread its tail, fan-wise, and drag it around through the sand where the ants were at work, its erratic motions during this process being strongly suggestive of an advanced stage of intoxication. The tail would then be raised, observed attentively, and used as before. Each of the jays went through these motions several times before leaving. When the jays had gone almost all of the ants had disappeared.

I HAVE NEVER HEARD OF this stunt before. The only possible explanation seems to be that the jays wish to provide their young with living food—ants on the hoof, as it were—and in order to do so filled their feathers with the insects and carried them home that way. If anyone else has observed this practice I should like to hear about it.

Another natural curiosity is reported by J. M. Johnson, 515 north Sixth street. Mr. Johnson has on his lot an apple tree which bloomed in the usual way early in the season and which is now bearing a good crop of young apples. Within the past few days the tree has bloomed again, and now it has both fruit and blossoms not only on the same branches, but in the same clusters. Fruit trees often bloom out of season, but I do not recall seeing an apple tree in bloom in July, and I have certainly never

seen one bearing fruit and blossoms all mixed together.

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FRUIT AND BLOSSOMS MAY be grown on the same tree at the same time by grafting both early and late varieties on the same stock, in which case the early branch may have set fruit before the late one is through blooming, but that is quite different from what has occurred with Mr. Johnson's tree. On one of our young apple trees back east my grandfather grafted scions of three different varieties on each of the three main branches. As a result the tree bore red, green and yellow apples at the same time on the respective branches.

*** * ***
SECOND BLOOMING OF fruit trees usually occurs in an open fall when some weather condition stimulates into activity the buds which ordinarily would have remained dormant until spring. A certain superstition has been associated with such phenomena, as with almost every departure from the ordinary course of events. I can remember the anxiety which I felt one year when blossoms appeared late in the fall on several apple trees in the neighborhood. Some of the neighbors felt sure that such things were intended as warnings of sickness, death or other disaster, portents of the wrath to come. I was ready for almost anything to happen. But the weather turned cold, the river froze up. There was good skating and we had a dandy hill down which to sleighride. I forgot about signs and portents and proceeded to enjoy myself.

*** * ***
THERE WAS A DISCUSSION one day among some of our competent housewives of "fast" colors in fabrics of various kinds, and it was agreed that there had been a vast improvement in recent years in the quality of dyes. At one time the buyer took a long chance in buying calico, stockings and other colored goods, for the colors were quite likely to run. Now, so the unanimous opinion went, if colors are advertised as fast, they are pretty sure to be fast.

*** * ***
MUCH EFFORT HAS BEEN spent on the fixing of colors in goods after they have been dyed. I supposed that this could be done by persons experienced in the art, but the United States department of agriculture has a different opinion. The department has conducted careful experiments with salt, vinegar and other substances which have been supposed to prevent colored goods from fading and its conclusion is that there is no va-

I HAVE PUBLISHED SOME letters from Milo Walker of Bowesmont, telling of his experiences in the Canadian woods and as a pioneer in North Dakota. Recently I met Mr. Walker at Pembina and found him hale and active, despite his 80-odd years, full of reminiscences, and an active participant in whatever is going on among the old settlers. In a letter recently received Mr. Walker tells of some further experiences of his in the early days.



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ONE OF MR. WALKER'S RECOLLECTIONS is of sowing six acres of wheat on the sixth day of June, 1884, about a month later than it is usually considered desirable to sow wheat. Yet the crop from that sowing was as good as any he ever raised with the possible exception of those of 1887 and 1891. He recalls the season of 1884 as being an unusually long one, there being no killing frost until late in October.

IMMEDIATELY AFTER SEWING that six acres of wheat Mr. Walker started on a trip to the Turtle mountains, a trip for which elaborate preparations had to be made. He had a team and light wagon, tent, provisions, and liberal supplies of both smoking and chewing tobacco. He stopped over night at Osnabrock, which was the end of civilization. In preparing for his early start next morning he forgot his tethering ropes, these being, I suppose, what are more often called picket ropes, and did not discover his loss until too late in the day to return for them. Anyway it is bad luck to turn back. Stopping at night to make camp he unharnessed the horses and tied the head of each down to its front foot, supposing that they would not wander far. That was a mistake, for the horses started immediately on the back trail with their owner after them, calling and shouting, but without effect. Being unable to keep up with the horses Mr. Walker turned back to his camp, set up his tent, and made a fire of cat tails, which served the double purpose of cooking his black tea and giving some protection from the mosquitoes, which gathered around in swarms. It was no pleasant predicament to be stranded miles away from anywhere with no means of transportation other

than his own feet. During the night the truant horses returned and permitted themselves to be caught. The explanation is, presumably, that they had smelled the smoke from the fire and had returned to obtain some protection from the mosquitoes.

* * *

CONTINUING HIS JOURNEY Mr. Walker came to a lake and could find no way either to cross or to go around until he saw a moving object at a distance and heard the scream of the ungreased axles of a Red river cart, which convinced him that the owner was an Indian. This proved correct, and the Indian, delighted with a gift of tobacco, led the way through a ford. The journey was continued to St. John, which consisted of one log building, around which about 1,000 Indians were camped. Mr. Walker went some distance across the boundary into Canada and reached his home near Bowesmont after an absence of 17 days. Those were the days when a trip across the prairie was a real adventure.

* * *

A NORTHBOUND AIRPLANE the other day ran into a great swarm of grasshoppers which had crossed the line from Manitoba into North Dakota. The hoppers that have been giving trouble in the northwestern states and the prairie provinces have not been classed with the migratory locusts which swarmed into Kansas, Nebraska and southern Minnesota in the sixties and seventies. However, entomologists who were studying the situation in Manitoba a short time ago were speculating on the possibility of the hoppers of the present time developing migratory habits, and they had seen numerous swarms which made it appear that this new tendency was being developed. The scientists had not reached any definite conclusions, but were looking carefully for facts.

* * *

ANOTHER NOTE FROM MANITOBA tells of the enormous flocks of Franklin gulls that made their appearance in the province about two weeks ago. The dispatch said that the birds were present in flocks of many thousands, if not millions, having been attracted, apparently, by the grasshoppers, which they were devouring at a great rate. Two years ago I saw great flocks of those gulls in Ramsey and Nelson county. It was quite late in the season, perhaps after grasshopper time. The birds were settling on the fields in numbers almost enough to cover the earth, and were busy feeding on something. I do not know whether or not their presence has had any effect on hopper infestation there.

I HAD A LITTLE VISIT WITH E. A. Mills, retired general master carpenter on the Great Northern, just before he left to visit his old home on Prince Edward island. He had just retired after 50 years



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continuous service on the one road, and was about to visit for the first time the boyhood home which he had left half a century before. Naturally he will find the place changed, but his imagination will enable him to reconstruct the scenes of former years. He will probably find the island produces

as fine oats as when he was a boy, and he says that the oats there are the finest in the world. The island is also famous for its apples, and Mr. Mills says that the salt air imparts to the island's apples a flavor that is not to be found in those grown inland. The islanders specialize also in potatoes and have brought to the growing of the tubers the best knowledge that science has to impart. One island industry that has been developed since Mr. Mills lived there is fox farming. I believe the first fox farms in the world were on Prince Edward island, and whereas the industry has been undertaken elsewhere in a more or less haphazard manner, often in a spirit of adventure, on the island it has become a stable and thoroughly systemized industry. All of these things will be interesting but more interesting than all will be the retracing of once familiar paths, the identification of once familiar spots, and the exchange of reminiscences with those of the friends of long ago who now remain.

ACCORDING TO THE BEST information I can get, especially that from Mrs. Chapple of Bathgate, it will soon be time to lift and replant tulip bulbs if they are to be replanted this year. Whether or not replanting is to be done depends on the condition of the bulbs. If on examination it is found that the spaces are crowded, with plants inclined to deteriorate, replanting is desirable. In that case the best bulbs should be given preferred position and the smaller bulbs moved to new beds where they will have plenty of room to develop.

I HAVE A SUGGESTION FROM Morris J. Kernall which seems to have merit. It is that in planting or replanting tulips the bulbs should be imbedded in sand. This, I am told, will tend to check attacks by worms and will also provide drainage in the immediate vicinity of the bulbs. Of course there is no fertility in sand, that must be provided in the surrounding earth, which should be rich and mellow. Authorities agree that bulbs should be planted 3 to 4 inches deep, the lighter the soil the deeper the planting. Leaves of early tulips are now pretty well withered, indicating a degree of maturity about right for moving.

IN THE MATTER OF WEATHER we jump from one extreme to another. The minute the fire in the oil furnace goes out the electric refrigerator begins to charge up nickles and dimes. Thus they catch us either coming or going. There is a great future for the fellow who will discover a method to capture some of the excess heat in summer, bottle it, and turn it loose in the winter.

THE FUNNIEST PRESENT I ever received was a second-hand quill toothpick. I stopped several times for meals with an old bachelor friend who lived in a claim shanty. He was a neat housekeeper and good cook, and I enjoyed and appreciated his hospitality. After each meal he would reach up over the two-by-four at the eaves of the shanty and take therefrom a quill toothpick, replacing it carefully after using it. I had no toothpick, but occasionally whittled a stick to serve the same purpose. Observing this, on my last visit my friend insisted that I accept his toothpick with his compliments. I protested that I didn't wish to deprive him of it, and there were no birds about the place to supply other quills. But he insisted, saying that he was going hunting soon and would have plenty more quills. There was nothing for it but to accept the gift and use it in his presence, which I did. He was a fine chap, and has long since gone to his reward.

AMONG OUR FAMILY POSSESSIONS, now stored away in the attic, is a little battered and disreputable pasteboard telescope grip which has done service at three world's fairs, the Pan-American at Buffalo, the Columbian at St. Louis, and the Present Century of Progress in Chicago. It has

carried all sorts of odds and ends, from lunch to bathing suits, and while it is wrinkled and scarred it may be good for several more world's fairs.

PUSSYFOOT JOHNSON IS inclined to take a gloomy view of the future. On his recent speaking tour, he says, the more he talked the worse things got. He thinks



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that we are about to wallow in drunkenness for about five years. It may be pertinent to inquire why, if we are determined to wallow, we are not wallowing now. The materials are all ready at hand, as they have been these dozen years. There are those who do an appreciable amount of wallowing, and the rest can if their taste is in that direction.

IN THIS CONNECTION I RECALL a conversation with a man who had spent a couple of weeks at the Chicago fair, and who told me that on his trip he had seen just one person who gave any evidence of intoxication. The drunken person in that case was a man on the fair grounds, and he was properly pickled. My informant is neither a "drinking" man nor a teetotaler. He went places and saw things. He saw quantities of beer consumed, and drank some himself. He has no doubt that if he had searched he could have found plenty of places where hard liquor is sold and where men were drinking themselves drunk. He was not on a tour of investigation, however, and he spoke merely of what he had observed while attending to his own business.

GOVERNOR MURRAY, OF Oklahoma, who declared martial law to prevent the sale of beer, notwithstanding the vote of the state to legalize the sale, has obligingly rescinded his order and will permit the law to take its course. Mighty decent of Bill, I call it.

ARGENTINA CELEBRATED her Independence day on July 9 under the worst cold wave of the present winter. The average temperature in the interior was 14 Fahrenheit. Snow fell in the vicinity of Buenos Aires for the first time in 15 years, and the temperature in the capital was two degrees below freezing, with one exception

the coldest day of the winter. Several deaths from cold have occurred in Chile. It may be all right to have Christmas in midsummer and Independence day in the dead of winter, but somehow it seems contrary to nature.

A FIRE LASTING FOUR hours damaged the Illinois state capitol at Springfield to the extent of a quarter of a million dollars and destroyed records which cannot be replaced. For a state as wealthy as Illinois the monetary loss will not be serious, but it ought to be possible to stir up a considerable political tempest over the making of repairs. The politicians down there probably need no instructions on the subject, but if they should, we ought to be able to help them out.

DUSTY ROADS? WE COMPLAIN of them in dry weather, and it is true that some dust can be kicked up on a gravel road after a few dry, scorching days. But as a matter of fact, most of us have forgotten what real dust is. We need to recall the early days of the automobile, when none of the roads were paved, none graveled.

I THINK OF SEVERAL COMMERCIAL club tours when much of the distance was made over black dirt roads where the soil was ground to powder. All the cars were wide open, but the tops were kept down except in case of rain and the occupants got the full benefit of the dust. Alternate dusting and washing irritated the skin, and usually the tourists preferred to let the dust remain where it was until night. Some smeared their faces with cold cream before starting. That protected the skin, but every particle of dust stuck fast where it lit, and those so decorated looked like a lot of Senegambians.

REGULATIONS FOR SOME OF those early tours called for cars to be kept 400 feet apart, or as near that as possible. Provision was made for extreme speed on the road of 22 or perhaps 25 miles per hour, with an average speed between terminals of about 18 miles per hour. This included stops of 10 or 15 minutes at each of the smaller places visited en route, and when we made the trip on schedule time we thought we had accomplished wonders. Accompanying each tour was a repair car with a staff of mechanics, and those boys usually had plenty to do.

IT IS QUITE EVIDENT THAT a serious mistake was made in not turning over to the Greater North Dakota association at the outset full charge of the arrangement and management of the North Dakota exhibit at the Chicago World's fair. The association was ready to take charge last year, and had it been authorized to proceed there would have been ready at the opening of the fair an exhibit, not large or elaborate in comparison with those of



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larger and wealthier states, but systematically arranged, fairly representative of the varied activities of the state, and creditable in every way.

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UNFORTUNATELY, THIS WAS not done, and competent observers are agreed that the North Dakota exhibit does not measure up to what was possible, even with the necessarily small appropriation provided for the purpose. A considerable portion of the appropriation appears to have been spent last year in unproductive ways, and changes in personnel following changes in state administration at the beginning of the year introduced other elements of confusion.

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THOUGH LATE IN THE SEASON the Greater North Dakota association has now been asked to assist with the exhibit, and it has consented to do so. B. E. Groom, agricultural agent of the association, will visit the fair within a few days, now that the Cavalier county fair, of which he is secretary, is over to see what steps can now be taken to increase the effectiveness of the North Dakota exhibit. No person in the state is more capable, and we may expect to hear better reports from the North Dakota exhibit later in the season. The fair is still young, and it has more than three months to go.

* * *

I QUOTE BELOW FROM A bulletin issued by the Canadian department of agriculture at Ottawa relating to a study of grasshoppers in the northwest. The bulletin refers to an article by the late Norman Criddle, eminent Canadian entomologist, on the habits of

grasshoppers in Manitoba, with special reference to the "phase" and "reservation" theories as applied to the habits of grasshoppers. The bulletin was supplied by J. G. Haney, and it is believed that it will be of interest to students of grasshoppers throughout the northwest.

* * *

THE PHASE THEORY, SAYS the bulletin, so far as this continent is concerned, is the question of the possibility of Canadian grasshoppers imitating those of the Old World and evolving into the migratory species. In other words, will the Canadian grasshoppers at some future time ravage the Dominion as the plague of locusts smote the ancient Egyptians, or as

the present-day locust hordes desolate the green fields of the East? Although many Canadian grasshoppers have been observed in the swarming phase growing longer wings and developing slender, race-horse bodies capable of long flight, it would appear that the migratory species of the Old World requires at least two generations to develop under certain climatic conditions, which apparently are absent in Canada, and that in Canada the transposition from the solitary to the migratory phase seems to stop at the transition stage. At the same time, Mr. Criddle records "Thus, in 1932 the two-striped grasshopper, for the first time in our experience (30 years), assumed all the aspects of the migratory locust and it flew long distances and in such numbers that the larger lakes were polluted with drowned insects. Indeed, the shores of Lake Winnipeg presented a mass of decaying grasshoppers several inches deep, creating a condition far from pleasant to the nearby holiday seekers".

* * *

"IT IS DIFFICULT TO COMPARE the grasshopper outbreaks in Manitoba with those in the Old World because it is obvious that the conditions are entirely different. Mass concentrations with us are rare, at least, if they do occur, they appear to form part of a general density of the grasshopper population and may take place over large areas of the country. Thus, in the egg-survey made in the autumn of 1932 we found areas covering hundreds of miles in which a series of concentrations occurred separated by perhaps not more than their own length of semi-free spaces. In these semi-continuous infestations, eggs of the clear-winged grasshopper and the two-striped grasshopper were present in numbers varying from a thousand to as high as over 100,000 per

square foot. As a rule these eggbeds were on the sodded roadways some 99 feet wide, but adjacent pasture fields might be equally studded with eggs."

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"IT WILL BE NOTED THAT under these conditions an individual swarm can scarcely be recognized and that the adults maturing from these eggs might well form one continuous swarm. This they frequently do but it is rarely that they appear to form the close concentrations resembling those met with in Europe, Asia, Africa, or South America. It is possible, however, that the Rocky Mountain locust of old did so. Also, there may be a misunderstanding among some of us as to what constitutes a swarm. To make matters clear on that point, it might be added that even last summer grasshoppers were flying in such numbers that they formed a perceptible haze over the sun. These, however, were not concentrations but merely part of a general migration covering wide stretches of the country and continuing for several hours. Some of the insects were flying within a few hundred feet of the ground, others so high that they could be seen only through field glasses."

JUDGE AND MRS. GUY C. H. Corliss received numerous messages of congratulation on the occasion of their fiftieth wedding anniversary, which they celebrated at their home in Portland, Oregon, last month, and in a letter of acknowledgement to me, which contains some most gratifying expressions of personal regard, Judge Corliss writes:



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"I REGARD the Grand Forks Herald as in a class by itself among the smaller newspapers of the United States. You have the distinction of having remained with it all these years and maintained the high character of your editorial work."

I WOULDN'T HAVE PUBLISHED this, but the judge has sought by indirect means to get it into the paper, and I am using so much of it as a sort of compromise. The Herald has been fortunate during all these years in the friendships it has made, and it has been a rare privilege to me, as a part of the organization, to know men like Judge Corliss, whom to know is to honor and esteem.

FRED McLEAN THINKS there is a good prospect of the inclusion of Missouri river diversion in the public works program if the state gets behind the project unitedly. Among other things, that project would provide employment for a lot of common labor, which is a matter of importance just now. Moreover, it would be constructive work of permanent value, at least postponing the time, if that time is ever to come, when North Dakota will be all dried up. That feature is often overlooked in discussion of the possibilities of navigation improvement, flood control and power development. To my mind the filling up of lakes and restoration of streams is of more importance than all the others combined.

HEAVY SNOW AND LIBERAL rains have improved the condition of many of the lakes in northern Minnesota, but the improvement seems not to have reached as far east as Maple lake, where, I am told, the water level started at about the level where it left off last fall. The water in Maple lake has lowered a little over a foot in each of the past two seasons, and a foot in water level means a lot in changed shore line. One looks back

to the time when what is now partly marsh and partly dry land at the end of Smith's bay was covered with deep water, and when water filled the little canal across Hall's point. Efforts to improve the condition of the lake by bringing in water from other sources have failed. The trouble is that there isn't water enough to go around.

THERE ARE THREE WRITERS whose first name is Arthur, whose other names I am always getting mixed. The three Arthurs are Stringer, Train and Reeve. Arthur Stringer is a Canadian writer of acceptable fiction. Arthur Train has become known as the creator of that charming old lawyer character, Mr. Tutt. Arthur Reeve had a vogue some time ago as the writer of mystery stories in which he employed as a rule two devices. One of these was the use of some fantastic pseudo-scientific method, and the other was the assembling of all his characters, innocent and guilty, in the last chapter for a grand blow-off. The ease with which he got thieves and murderers to attend these seances and subject themselves to searching analysis was remarkable. Nothing like it ever occurred in nature. Now that I have put this down on paper perhaps I can remember which Arthur is which.

PERSONS WHO HAVE FOLLOWED the Grand Forks fairs will remember among other things the burning of the old liberal arts building, not the one with the dome, but the one before that. Just three weeks before the date set for the opening of the fair the building was struck by lightning and burned. Then there was some tall hustling. As many men were put to work as could be crowded into the space, and the fair was opened in time with exhibits in the new building, which was a very creditable structure.

I ONCE HAD WHAT I SUPPOSE is the unusual experience of seeing an object actually struck by lightning. Lightning does not often strike in one's immediate vicinity, and when it does a fellow generally happens to be looking in some other direction at the moment. Once I stood at the window of the old Herald editorial rooms watching a storm coming up from the west. The center of the storm seemed to be in line with the old Odd Fellows building on Kittson, and I was looking directly past the flagpole on the tower of that building. There was a blinding flash and a deafening crash and the upper part of the pole flew into little bits. The lower part with its broken end is still there.

H. L. HILLMAN, WHO TOLD of the peculiar antics of his blue jays in stowing ants away among their feathers, says that the theory that the old birds were carrying ants to their young in this manner is exploded. Since making his first observation Mr. Hillman has seen the ant colony visited by young jays, well grown and quite able to feed themselves, but not fully feathered out, and the young birds have duplicated the performance of their parents. Gathering ants one at a time they tucked them among their breast feathers, and in clumsy imitation of their elders they swept up the sand with their tails and thus gathered ants on their tail feathers before flying away.



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formance of their parents. Gathering ants one at a time they tucked them among their breast feathers, and in clumsy imitation of their elders they swept up the sand with their tails and thus gathered ants on their tail feathers before flying away.

IT IS CLEAR THAT THE young birds are not carrying off ants to feed to other birds, and their purpose still remains unknown. Perhaps a ray of light is shed by Reed's Bird Guide, which says that blue jays continually gather bits of food and store it away for future use. Possibly the jays are collecting ants and catching them somewhere in anticipation of another depression. By what process the birds de-ant themselves remains to be discovered.

WITH SOME BIRDS THE COLLECTING habit seems to be a mania. One can understand why birds should store food. They may need it later on. But even in the storing of food their practice seems to be erratic. Food is stored in many different places, perhaps on the theory that it is not well to have all one's eggs in one basket. But often so many places are chosen that it must be difficult to keep track of them. And the treasure is often dropped into holes where it will never be accessible.

THIS IS ENTIRELY APART from the storing of objects which can be of no possible use. The crow has a passion for this sort of thing. Crows are easily tamed and become quite domestic, and the family that has a tame crow is sure to miss small objects which disappear mysteriously, these having been pilfered by the crow and

hidden in some outlandish place. Anything that glitters is sure to attract the crow. Bits of tin, coins, a pair of scissors, a wrist watch, rings, any shiny object that happens to be lying around loose, may disappear, to be found, perhaps, tucked away in a cornice or in a hole in a tree, or perhaps never to be found, perhaps, tucked away in a cornice or in a tree, or perhaps never to be found at all. These pilferings are not confined to shiny objects, however, but the list may include spools of thread, small potatoes, and anything that the crow can carry. The objects thus stolen are often never touched again, as they can never be of the slightest use to the thief. Thus human beings are not the only ones who collect and store away useless things.

LEFT OVER FROM A WINNIPEG trip I have a Canadian nickel, not the small, thin silver piece of years ago, but a coin corresponding in size and composition to the American nickel. The old five-cent piece was too small for convenient handling and the larger nickel has taken its place. On one side of the coin is the profile of King George, with the inscription "Georgius V Dei Gra Rex et Ind Imp." Which, being expanded and interpreted, means "George V, by the Grace of God King and Emperor of India." The old designation, "Defender of the Faith," once used on all British coins, is omitted. And thereby hangs a tale.

BEFORE KING HENRY VIII took it into his head to obtain a divorce from his first wife, Katherine, he was an uncompromising supporter of the then established church, the Catholic, and when Luther's Reformation was stirring Europe Henry wrote and published a treatise, vigorously attacking Luther's doctrines and defending the traditions of the church. In recognition of this service the pope conferred on him the title "Defender of the Faith," which was retained by him and his successors notwithstanding the change in policy and doctrine of the English church.

LATE IN THE REIGN OF Queen Victoria it was decided that the title "Empress of India" should be added to her other designations, and it was at first intended that the formal title should be "Victoria, by the Grace of God Queen, Empress of India, and Defender of the Faith." It occurred to someone that this form might be given an inconvenient construction. If Victoria understood to defend the faith of India she would have a job

JEAN PANOVITZ OF GRAND Forks is doing Century of Progress sketches for the Chicago Daily News. Miss Panovitz is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Panovitz, just graduated from the University of North Dakota, where she took work in journalism together with other studies. When it is remembered that the Daily News is by all odds the classiest paper in Chicago, its use of her sketches is a gratifying tribute to the quality



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of her work. In one of the installments just read Miss Panovitz describes in a chatty way her first visit to the fair, registration at the North Dakota exhibit where Miss Cable was making pottery from North Dakota clay, and her wanderings among the state and other exhibits, where the temptation of free food samples was too strong for her resolution to remain on a diet. She observes that the free lunches available in this manner surpass all that she has ever heard of free lunches with beer.

* * *

IN ANOTHER INSTALLMENT she describes the remarkable experience of having one's voice photographed and displayed on the screen. To quote:

* * *

"TO THINK THAT MY VOICE looks like that! All wavy and with many curlicues—wait until I tell the folks back home about it. For downstairs in the Communication building one can see the waves of one's voice flashed on a screen that shows the number of vibrations. I stood before the screen, talked into a telephone and said, 'This is a girl from North Dakota,' and watched the lines go up and down. They didn't go very far up, though, for, as the guide said, my voice wasn't strong enough. (Long may it wave, however)."

* * *

"ONE MAN SHOUTED INTO the phone so loud when I was there that I thought the lines would never stop going upward."

* * *

"WANDERING ON I CAME upon an apparatus that shows scrambled speech and then translates it back into ordinary English."

* * *

"THE MAN NEXT TO ME whispered to his wife, 'That's the way you sound, dear, when you're excited—only you never translate back into anything intelligent.' I wondered what her 'scrambled speech' would sound like when she got him safely alone."

* * *

THE ARTICLES, WRITTEN with touches of humor, indicate that the writer has gone about with her eyes open and has seen things that a good many others miss. Near her at one time was Burton Holmes, famed globe-trotter and lecturer, taking pictures, presumably for another travelogue.

IN SOVIET RUSSIA Sentence of death has been imposed on five restaurant cooks for spoiling food. In that country murder is regarded with official disfavor, and conviction of that crime may carry a sentence of imprisonment. But monkeying with food is serious business, and when one is found guilty of that, off comes his head! Technically the Russian cooks were charged with several crimes, sabotage, counter-revolution, and so forth, but really, all that they did was to mess up the victuals and put powdered glass in the hash. One might suppose that it would be pleasant to live in Russia, where, if one were served with a scorched steak, he could demand the head of the cook on a platter. But then, they don't have much steak in Russia, or much food of any kind. Which is what makes it such a serious offense to spoil it.

* * *

ONE OF THE NEW BUILDINGS at Rockefeller center, New York, has an elevator that rises at the rate of 1,400 feet a minute, which is the most rapid rate of ascent made by any elevator. Speed of ascent is difficult to estimate. In the ordinary express elevator in a tall building one seems simply to be shot upward, and many persons can't stand the motion. Yet the fastest elevator built runs at the rate of only about 15 miles an hour. On the road we travel four times as fast and think nothing of it. The elevator in the Skyride tower at the Chicago fair rises 638 feet in 55 seconds, which is pretty fast for an elevator. Yet persons who have taken the ride say that they did not notice it, presumably because the ascent is made in a tube from which there is no view of the surroundings. One steps into the cage at the bottom, feels a slight moving impulse, then

after about a minute steps out at the top without having been conscious of any rising sensation. Doubtless most of our sensations as to height are psychological. Anyone can walk with perfect ease and security on a two-by-four laid flat on the ground. But raise the same scantling a few feet in the air and only the expert dare attempt to walk it.

ONE OF MY NEIGHBORS HAS in her back yard a small lily pool, the water being contained in a metal tank about two feet deep, set



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in an excavation so that the top of the tank is just a little above the level of the surrounding surface. In the tank are a few goldfish, a lily or two and a water hyacinth. My friend had been informed that it would be well to sprinkle a few grains of copper sulphate into the water occasionally to prevent the accumu-

lation of scum. She had also read that dropping a few pennies into the water would serve the same purpose, and, this being the simpler plan, she placed four pennies in the water, and these were clearly visible, lying at the bottom of the tank. A wayfarer came along, asking for food. He was given a good meal which he ate, seated in a shady spot in the garden. After a while he was gone, and when the dishes were collected it was found that the four pennies also had disappeared. That looked a little like rubbing it in.

I AM NOT FAMILIAR WITH the culture of the water hyacinth in the north. Specimens are sometimes used in ornamental pools, and there seems to be no reason why it should not thrive in such places. Like many plants which are prized here, and which are somewhat difficult to grow, it grows wild in the south, sometimes more luxuriantly than is desired. On the St. John river in Florida its presence creates a real problem for those who navigate the stream. The river is brown, with a slow current, and is broken by islands, and in the warm water the hyacinth grows luxuriantly. In the sluggish stream the roots mat together and form great masses, arched in extent. Large sections of the growth will sometimes break loose from the main body and form floating islands. The growth is so dense that in some places it is impossible to force a boat through it, and it is a real job to keep the channel clear.

HERE IN THE NORTH WE plant nasturtiums and cultivate them for their showy bloom and foliage. In Porto Rico they have nasturtiums, but they do not cultivate them. Through the center of

the island there are whole mountain sides covered with wild nasturtiums which, when in bloom present a most striking appearance.

IN SOME WAYS THE JOB OF being collector of customs at Pembina when that port of entry was established was not a very strenuous one. Charles Cavalier, who came to Pembina in 1851 as the first collector, says in one of his articles that for some time his principal official occupation was to draw his pay and sign vouchers. However, in December, 1851, he made an official trip to the Turtle mountains to see what the Hudson Bay people were doing. On that trip he saw his first buffalo. He writes:

"FROM THE TOP OF THE Turtle mountains I could see for miles and miles, and the prairie was black with buffalo, and only here and there could I see spots of snow. We traveled from the Pembina river, crossing the Turtle mountains, through bands of buffalo, and the next day from the mountain to the end of the woods on Mouse river was the same thing—all of them in the move toward the northwest—there were simply millions of them."

THOSE WERE DAYS OF intense rivalry in the fur business. Cavalier found in the western territory which he visited several Hudson Bay traders doing business, and he says "they were just damned fools enough to pay me \$300 duties, all of which they paid in furs, and Kittson gave me the gold for them." Evidently there was a little bluffing along the border in those days.

CAVALIER, KITTSOON AND JO Rolette were the only three white men at Pembina that winter. Kittson had established himself there in 1843. He found there an old Hudson Bay pensioner named Aiken, whose only business was to keep out opposition traders and draw his pay. After Kittson's arrival Aiken's pay was discontinued and he moved away. Kittson's first stock was brought to Pembina in four Red river carts. When Cavalier arrived Kittson was operating a cavalcade of 60 carts, loaded with furs going south and with trade goods for the Indians on the way north.

THE ROAD WHICH SEEMS to have been most usually traveled in those days was that through northern Minnesota over what was known as the Pembina trail, along the ridge at the eastern edge of the valley. The Red river was also used by the voyagers' bateaux, and later the river steamboat changed the whole business of transportation.

QUEER THING, A DREAM. A grotesque and distorted caricature of reality. It may still have within it certain elements of fact. Thus,



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when I dreamed that I was being choked to death in a fight, it wasn't all imagination. It seemed to me that the fight had been going on for a long time. Always, in a dream-fight, I get the worst of it. As we are told that dreams go by contraries that may serve as a hint to annoying persons to leave

me alone. We had fought, the other fellow and I, seemingly for hours. He was a husky brute and had me down in a clinch, with one bare arm around my neck. I thrashed and struggled, but could not break his hold. His grip became tighter and tighter and I gasped for breath. With a supreme effort I twisted my head, set my teeth into his arm and bit—hard. I woke up with a yell. I was biting my own arm. I had been sleeping with my arm under my chin and choking myself. But it was a grand fight while it lasted.

*** * ***
DIEGO RIVERA, THE COMMUNIST artist whose mural for the Radio City building in New York was not acceptable to the owners, has another job in which he will be able not only to display his artistic talent but to give expression to his political opinions. He is to provide decorations for a New York Communist school, where, conspicuous among his figures will be that of Lenin, with appropriate emblematic embellishments. That is quite as it should be. If the owners of the property wish to have Communistic principles expressed in their wall decorations, that is their privilege.

*** * ***
THE FACT THAT THE OWNER of a building has the right to some voice in selecting the character of its decorations seems to have been overlooked by Mr. Rivera in connection with his Radio City contract. His idea seemed to be that having once obtained the commission he was at liberty to use it as he pleased for purposes of political propaganda. The owners had a different idea, and when they found that the work would not be satisfactory to them they paid the artist the amount of his

contract and called it off. Rivera stormed and threatened legal proceedings, but finally subsided. The owners had the right to say what use should be made of their building. Putting the shoe on the other foot, how long would another artist have lasted if, after receiving a commission to decorate the Communist school he had insisted on placing on the walls designs glorifying capitalism?

*** * ***
A YOUNG FELLOW NAMED William Kondrat, from New Jer-

sey, has succeeded in swimming the whirlpool rapids at Niagara and the whirlpool itself. This is the first time that this feat had been performed. Strangely enough, the achievement was accidental. Kondrat had gone into the river some distance above the rapids, ignorant of the power of the current, and in spite of his utmost effort, he was carried down through the gorge. He is a powerful swimmer, but how he escaped being battered to death is a mystery.

*** * ***
SO FAR AS I KNOW THE first attempt to swim the whirlpool was made by Captain Matthew Webb, who lost his life in the attempt. Webb was an English sailor who held a captain's certificate in the merchant marine. An expert swimmer, he attempted the English channel on August 12, 1875, and failed. On August 24 he tried it again and was successful, thus being the first person to swim across the channel. He became a celebrity at once and for several years he gave swimming exhibitions. Some years later he tried the Niagara whirlpool after making a long and detailed study of the wild current. A short time later his bruised and mangled body was caught in the current below the pool. Now that another has been carried through the gorge and escaped with his life by accident, shall we have a crop of whirlpool swimmers trying to duplicate of set purpose what this young fellow did by accident? I hope not.

*** * ***
I SUPPOSE NO SECRET NEED be made of the fact that Dr. E. P. Robertson of Grand Forks and Queen Victoria happened to be in Glasgow, Scotland, on the same day. And the doctor says they drew an immense crowd.

ON SUNDAY, JULY 23, friends and neighbors will gather at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Krueger near Niagara, Grand Forks county, to extend felicitations on the approaching completion of their fifty years of married life. The wedding anniversary will not be until February, 1934, but the friends in charge of the celebration preferred that it should be held now, while the weather is warm and the roads good rather than to wait until a season when the conditions may not be so favorable.



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Mr. Krueger has been a resident of Grand Forks county for fifty years. Born in Niagara county, New York, September 5, 1859, he came west in the spring of 1883 and filed on a homestead about four miles north of Niagara, and although he has increased his holdings and expanded his operations, he still lives on the homestead upon which he built a little cabin half a century ago. He delivered the first load of wheat to Niagara station in the fall of 1883.

* * *

IT WAS MR. KRUEGER'S AMBITION at the outset of his career to build a real home. As an important step in that direction he got married. Returning to New York state after an absence of about a year he married Miss Mary B. Strassburg, who accompanied him to his North Dakota home and has been his companion and helpmeet during the ensuing years. Of a family of seven children there now survive two sons and one daughter, Bernard, who is married and living in buildings adjoining those of his parents, and William H. and Lydia B. living at home.

* * *

IN CARRYING OUT HIS plans for home building Mr. Krueger was attentive to those things which make for comfort and embellishment. Among his early activities was the planting of trees. He has developed a splendid grove, many of the trees in which he has grown from seed. Not only did he grow trees himself, but he encouraged his neighbors to do likewise, and many of the groves in the vicinity owe their existence largely to his desire to relieve the bare-

ness of the prairie in this manner. He had black walnuts sent from his old home, and some of the trees grown from those nuts have been bearing for many years and have furnished seed for numerous other trees in the neighborhood.

* * *

HE HAS A FINE GRAPE ARBOR, the vines on which, in favorable years, are loaded with fruit, and his garden is noted for its strawberries, raspberries and fine vegetables. Flowers grow in profusion, and the home is a fine ex-

ample of what a farm home can be if the homemakers, man and wife, have vision, imagination and love of the soil.

* * *

MR. KRUEGER'S FARM OPERATIONS have extended far beyond the limits of the original homestead. He now controls some 1,300 acres of land, most of which is operated directly by his sons, who have taken over the active part of the farm work.

* * *

A MAN SO CONSTITUTED could not fail to be a leader in the activities of his community. Mr. Krueger organized the first telephone service at Niagara. He has been a member of school and township boards almost since his arrival in the state. He and Mrs. Krueger are charter members of their local church, and it was on land donated by them that the church building was erected.

* * *

IT IS THE WORK OF SUCH citizens that gives to the northwest whatever of stability it possesses. Mr. Krueger started farming with an ox team. He has availed himself of improved motive power as opportunity afforded. He came to make a home rather than a fortune, and in making a home he has prospered abundantly. He had imagination to see the bare prairie dotted with groves and the discomforts and hardships of pioneer life succeeded by the comforts and conveniences of modern living conditions. He had the vision of a home rather than a mere place to stay. He had the energy to make his dreams realities, and he has merited the esteem in which he is held by those who have been his neighbors for many years.

* * *

A NEWS DISPATCH SAYS that one-fourth of the co-eds in the University of Washington are unable to wink. This is on the authority of Major W. E. Fraser, assistant professor of military science in the university, who, it appears, has not been winking at the

girls, but testing their ability in order to ascertain their fitness for rifle practice. The major's diagnosis may be all right. On the other hand, it is possible that the girls don't care for rifle practice and might display ability to wink if given sufficient provocation in some other direction.

IF FRIENDS OF J. H. RUET-
tell happen to notice that he bears
several scars they will be mistak-
en if they suppose that the scars



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have resulted
from a train
crash or an auto-
mobile accident.
They are sou-
venirs of many
lacrosse games in
which Mr. Ruet-
tell played when
he was a youth at
Kincardine, Ont.
I never knew
that Ruettell had
been a lacrosse
player until we
happened to be
comparing notes
a few days ago.

Then I learned
that he had played all over the
western Ontario peninsula, and
had played in Brantford, my home
town, against what was one of the
crack teams of Canada.

* * *

KINCARDINE, WHERE MR.
Ruettell was born, is a little town
in Bruce county, a Lake Huron
port, and the terminus of what was
once the Wellington, Grey and
Bruce railway, now a part of the
Canadian National system. The
young men of the town organized
a lacrosse team which cleaned up
most of its competitors, and in ad-
dition to playing through the
home team's schedule, Ruettell and
another Kincardine boy were
loaned to several other teams to
play end-of-the-season games for
several years. The scars above
mentioned are the marks of
wounds received from lacrosse
sticks wielded with more energy
than prudence by opposing players
in mass struggles for possession of
the elusive rubber ball. Ruettell is
silent concerning any marks which
he may have made on his adver-
saries.

* * *

ON MR. RUETTELL'S LAST
visit to the old home he spent sev-
eral pleasant days with an old
friend and companion of many
years. He left his friend in what
appeared to be normal health. On
his return to Grand Forks after
making several stops en route, he
found awaiting him a Kincardine
paper carrying news of his friends
death. His old companion had
stepped into a local store, sat down,
and died.

* * *

IN A COLLECTION OF AN-
cient documents I have found
the certificate of incorporation of
the "A. O. B." or Accepted Order
of Bachelors, of Grand Forks, Da-
kota territory, an imposing docu-
ment which certifies in proper le-
gal phraseology that whereas Ja-
cob B. Wineman, C. C. Gowran, G.
Edward Fink, Thos J. Kelly and
Wm. H. Rand have complied with
the law in such case made and

provided, they, their associates and
successors have become a body
politic and corporate under the cor-
porate name "Accepted Order of
Bachelors, with all the rights and
privileges of a private corporation.
This document is dated April 9,
1886, is signed by M. L. McCor-
mack as secretary of Dakota ter-
ritory, and bears the territorial
seal in flaming red. I have no de-
tails concerning the history of this
corporation, but I know that most
of the unmarried business and pro-
fessional men of Grand Forks of
that day belonged to it. It is also
true that most of the members
presently became ineligible by get-
ting married.

* * *

SOME TIME AGO I HAD OC-
casion to write about the use of
the long "s" in written and printed
form. The long form of the letter is
found in very old books and man-
uscripts, but I had not expected to
find it in as recent an official pa-
per as one dated 1894. The A. O. B.
certificate, however, contains this
form in the two words "associates"
and "successors." These are the
only two words in the document
containing the double "s," and in
each case the first letter of the
pair is in the long form. This is in
accordance with the regular usage,
from which, however, there are
many departures, especially in man-
uscript.

* * *

EVERYONE IS FAMILIAR
with the term "bombershoot," as a
facetious name for an umbrella.
Without thinking much about it I
supposed that the word was a com-
bination of syllables from "um-
brella" and "parachute". It seems,
however, that the word has a his-
tory. In the course of correspon-
dence on the subject in the New
York Times Reid Watlington Dig-
ges gives the following explanation
as having come from a relative of
revolutionary times:

* * *

"AS TO THE DERIVATION OF
bombershoot, Granny Douglass said
that in Scotland, where she was
born, there used to come to her
neighborhood a blind concertina
player led by his small son. It
seems that in the mechanism of
the concertina was a spring of
some kind called a bomber, and as
the folding part of his instrument
was made of poor parchment he
was afraid the rain would cause
the spring (bomber) to break
through the parchment and shoot.
Therefore, when the rain chanced
to come he would call frantically to
his son, Bombershoot! bomber-
shoot! bombershoot! meaning, of
course, for the boy to raise the
umbrella quickly. Whether this
particular musician traveled over
all England or not is a conjecture,
but he probably did, thereby caus-
ing the word to get a rather wide
appeal. This in turn can easily ac-
count for its being found in many
parts of this country."

FROM NOW UNTIL I RETURN from a vacation this column will take care of itself. I have given it a push which I hope will



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last until I get back, and I hope it will not run against any rocks in the meantime. If anything which I have prepared in advance proves unsatisfactory to the reader he is at liberty to send in such comment as may seem proper to him. It will not trouble me, for I shall be far, far away. After I get back we can start all over again. I intend to make a quick trip over some of the old stamping grounds in Ontario—Huron county, Brantford, Toronto and so on, with just a glimpse at the World's Fair. I have made the trip many times, but never before by car. The disadvantage of going so far by automobile is that so much time is consumed on the road, but there is an advantage in having a car at the other end of the trip as it facilitates getting around and seeing places and people.

WHEN ONE VISITS THE OLD home territory after a long absence it is difficult to see both places and people at the same time. Both are intensely interesting, but the absentee and the local people have a different interest in the same places. To the local people hills, rivers, and bits of woodland are commonplace. Those who have lived with them constantly have been part of the changes which have come about, and those changes have been imperceptible. Interest is centered on the new things, the better roads, the finer buildings, the municipal improvements, things that represent development and progress. The returned prodigal has a different viewpoint. He looks beyond the changes and sees things as they were. Therefore, on my visits to the old familiar spots I like, when I can, to see the people and the places separately. How much of that I shall accomplish on this trip remains to be seen.

I AM SURE I SHALL MEET

a good many people back east who know friends of mine in North Dakota, and probably some who have friends here whom I do not know, but whom I consider friends of mine, just the same. I have never yet made a trip east without having some such experiences, and in some way they seem to knit people closer together.

SOMETIMES, WHEN IN REPLY to a question I say that I came from western Ontario I find that the term does not always mean the same thing to different people, and to many "western Ontario" means for instance, the country north of Lake Superior. That is correct, geographically, but it was not correct when I lived in Ontario and studied geography. Then Ontario, or that part of it about which we knew anything, comprised the territory bounded generally by the Ottawa river and Lakes Ontario, Erie and Huron. Beyond that, while parts of it were officially included in the province, nobody ever went there, and nothing was known of it. Everything east of Toronto was eastern Ontario and west of Toronto was western Ontario. Now all of that vast territory lying north of the old province and between Lake Superior and Hudson bay is included in Ontario, and while much of it is still wild, transcontinental railroads traverse it, great lake ports have been established in it, and it contains some of the greatest mining plants in the world. The entire province as we once knew it corresponds to the present area about as Rhode Island corresponds with Texas.

THERE ARE TWO SECTIONS of old Ontario which seem to have contributed most liberally to the population of North Dakota. One comprises a district in the counties of Huron, Brace, Grey, Perth and Wellington. The other is the district tributary to the Ottawa river. There are those here from almost every locality in the province, but it was from the two sections mentioned that most of our Canadian people came. A large proportion of the population of Pembina and Cavalier counties, and a considerable number in Walsh, came from the western district. In Grand Forks there seem to be more of those from the Ottawa valley. Evidences of Ontario origin are to be found in

the names of many of our North Dakota towns and streets.

I AM SORRY THAT I SHALL not have time to fish, for I shall be within easy driving distance of some famous fishing territory, and it is a long time since I did any real fishing. The country north of Toronto is dotted with beautiful lakes, one of them, which is new to me, is designated a Lake Kaweambyewagamot. I don't think Maine has anything to beat that.

WELL, SO LONG, I'LL BE SEEING you later.

ONE OF THE MOST EASILY identified of our birds is the flicker, a bird perhaps a little larger than the robin, somewhat speckled,



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with a bill like a woodpecker's, a small splotch of red on the back of his head, a dark triangle on his breast, and dark mustache-like markings down the lower side of his face. I have often watched them grubbing, as I supposed, for worms, around the lot, but one day I noticed one industriously picking

up ants off the concrete driveway. Mentioning this to a friend I was told that the flicker is especially fond of ants and consumes great quantities of them. Not long after I watched a flicker at his grubbing operations, and suspected that he was raiding an ants' nest. He would drive his bill deep into the earth and seemed intent on making as much disturbance as possible. Then he would watch for a moment, then rapidly pick up small objects which I could not see. This performance was repeated many times. After the bird had gone I went to inspect. I found that where the bird had been operating there had evidently been a nest of ants, but the nest was wrecked and only a few straggling ants were left. The flicker had brought the insects to the surface by his digging and had then feasted on them.

* * *

WHILE SPRINKLING HER lawn a local lady happened to glance down and beheld a female spider with a sack of baby spiders on her back, the entire family having been marooned in what, to them, must have seemed quite a pond, although it was only a little puddle of water a few times as large as the mother spider.

* * *

THE MOTHER SPIDER struggled to get her family out onto dry land, and finally, in some manner that could not be distinctly observed, managed to attach a few strands of web to the nearest shore, and the little fellows all crawled out to safety. Further proceedings were not observed, but it is assumed that the lady spider

only had to wait for the puddle to disappear to walk out on dry ground. The "sack" mentioned was just that—a sort of rumble seat designed by nature for spiders of certain kinds.

* * *

A PASADENA WRITER URGES the coinage of half-cent pieces as a means of enabling the public to save money. He argues that where small purchases are made and it is necessary to split an odd number, the customer is always required to pay the extra half-cent. He thinks it fair to assume that on the average one such purchase is made per person in the United States each day. That means a daily loss of \$1,125,000 each day, or an annual loss of more than \$450,000,000. This loss, he says, could be saved by the use of half-cent coins. That looks all right, and such a sum is worth saving. But there arises the question: If the American people are losing such a sum every year in this way, who gets the half-billion? That is a point that needs to be investigated.

* * *

THE USE OF THE SMALL coin seems to accompany the settling down of a community to regular habits and small transactions. Fifty years ago while I have no recollection that money was especially plentiful, pennies—our ordinary one-cent coins—were rare in the parts of the west that I knew. Things moved on a rather large scale, and few persons wished to bother with anything less than a nickel. At an earlier period, especially in the flush days of gold-mining, anything that was not worth "two bits" was not considered worth anything, and I suppose even nickels did not circulate. Now we are talking about half-cents.

* * *

ON A COUNTRY DRIVE A few days ago I saw crops of all kinds, including some that looked excellent from the car, whatever a closer inspection might have revealed. The thing that impressed me most was that on certain lands whose ownership I knew, and which had been consistently well farmed for many years, not only were the fields clean, but the growth was altogether superior to that on adjoining lands, although some of the latter, I am told, are being well farmed today. The kind of farming that was done 10 or 20 years ago seems to have an influence on the crop of today.

DAVID HUTTON, WHO DECLARES that he will apply for a divorce from Aimee Semple McPherson, says that he does not like being known as



"Mr. Aimee Semple McPherson." What did he expect? That the lady would sink her own identity and consent to be known merely as "Mrs. Hutton?"

Mr. Hutton is experiencing some of the difficulties that others have experienced who have married famous women. In

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such a case a fellow has to have

some elements of fame in order to be known as a separate and distinct individual. Thus far it appears that Mr. Hutton's most noteworthy achievement has been that of marrying Aimee.

* * *

I AM NOT CONCERNED WITH whatever particular brand of religion this remarkable woman represents. Her theology and her doctrine may be sound or unsound. I know nothing about either. But as a person Aimee is a mystery. With only a meager education, and with no special training she has gathered a following of remarkable size and she seems to be able to collect funds almost at will. I have talked with those who have attended her meetings in Los Angeles, and have been told that the devices which she uses to attract and hold her people are cheap, tawdry and theatrical. And yet the assembled multitudes of her disciples are carried into transports of emotionalism. Freakish performances which have given her front-page space in the newspapers would have destroyed the leadership of almost any other person, yet her hold on her converts seems to be unbroken. There is no accounting for human behavior.

* * *

OCCASIONALLY I HEAR OVER the radio the voice of some exhorter who warns his hearers of the approaching end of the world. Parallels are drawn between the mysterious symbolism of the books of Daniel and Revelations and the occurrences of today, the conclu-

sion being that the occurrences which supply material for newspaper headlines are the very ones which the prophets of old had in mind two or three thousand years ago. There seems to be some confusion as to whether we are in the period immediately preceding the Second Coming or are actually in that period and approaching the dread Day of Judgment.

* * *

AGAIN, I HAVE NO OPINION to offer. The predictions of the modern interpreters leave me undisturbed. Looking back I can recall no time in my life when similar interpretations of scriptural prophecy have not been made with the most positive emphasis. Some of the predictions of the immediate

end of the world did cause me considerable anxiety. My own people took no stock in them, but I thought "What if my folks are mistaken and these other people are right, after all?" There was a disturbing possibility not to be ignored. Hence it was with a feeling of decided relief that on several occasions I found that the sun rose as usual on the day after the one set for the blowing of Gabriel's trumpet. I quit worrying about it many years ago.

* * *

IN ONE ONTARIO NEIGHBORHOOD near where I lived a group of earnest, faithful people had the date fixed for the Second Coming and followed the procedure which they had been taught was correct. They gathered in the evening in an upper room and over their ordinary clothing they wore white sheets. There they sat, robed in white, in prayer and meditation, confidently awaiting the call which should usher in the new dispensation. Hours passed, dawn came and the new day, just like any other day, was ushered in. Evidently there had been some mistake as to the date, and the faithful ones went home to seek further light. One can smile at such child-like innocence, but no one, knowing the sterling character of some of those who have permitted themselves to be carried away by such predictions, can ridicule them.

* * *

AN UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL in Grand Forks the other day was that of W. H. Burr, for many years a resident of Grand Forks, and now of Los Angeles. Mr. Burr's vis-

it will recall old times to many of those who met him during his brief stay. He was engaged in banking for some years before he left for Minneapolis, which was in 1908. I have the minute book of the North Star Toboggan club, which was organized January 30, 1886, with J. B. Wineman president, W. H. Burr, secretary, and W. A. Gordon treasurer. The minutes of many of the early meetings are in Mr. Burr's writing and are signed by him. He was prominent in all the social and business activities of the city in the early days, and he seemed as glad to meet his old friends as they were to meet him.

ENCLOSING A PAMPHLET ON leafy spurge J. G. Haney writes: "Leafy spurge has received dishonorable mention several times in



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near our barn at Larimore and are destroying it. There is almost a quarter-section of it a few miles southeast of Larimore, and I have seen many patches of it in various places. Until three or four years ago I never saw it or heard of it. Everything possible should be done to destroy it."

* * *

ACCORDING TO THE BULLETIN to which Mr. Haney refers, while this weed has not been prevalent until recently in the west, it has been known in the United States for over 100 years. There is said to be a specimen of this weed in the New York botanical garden which was collected by William Oakes of Newbury, Mass., in 1827. The plant has become a pest in several states and there are few states in the northern half of the country where some patches of it are not found. According to the map contained in the bulletin the heaviest infestation is now in southern Minnesota, with fairly liberal distribution through the Red river valley in the states.

* * *

FOR DETAILED DESCRIPTION the reader is referred to the bulletin but in general it is described as a long-lived perennial herb, somewhat woody at the base, containing a milky sap. It grows to a height of 14 to 40 inches and propagates by means of seeds and roots. Usually it occurs in clumps rather than isolated. Because of the characteristic bluish-green color of the leaves and the greenish-yellow color of the flowers the clumps are conspicuous in the field or pasture. In the fall the leaves turn to a characteristic yellowish or reddish-orange color. When the

cultivation is made often enough and long enough to exhaust the strength of the young plants before they become well rooted. Vigorous measures wherever patches of this weed are found are obviously imperative, and it is suggested that copies of Bulletin 266 be obtained in order that the weed may be identified wherever it appears.

* * *

ANOTHER EXCEEDINGLY valuable pamphlet on weeds is one prepared by Mr. Haney and entitled "Weeds Mean Waste." It is published by the International Harvester Co., and I am sure Mr. Haney will be glad to see that interested applicants are supplied.

* * *

THIS PAMPHLET DOES NOT mention leafy spurge, as Mr. Haney was not acquainted with that plant when the pamphlet was written. It does, however, contain illustrations, many of them in color, of a great many of our dangerous weeds, while clear descriptions of form and habit and of methods of control. The farmer who obtains this pamphlet will have the advantage of Mr. Haney's many years of experience as a practical farmer and a thorough and intelligent student of the problems with which the farmer must deal.

* * *

ONE WEED INCLUDED IN Mr. Haney's list is green tansy mustard, with which I am not familiar, but from its appearance I judge it to be related to the tansy which was once a common garden herb. It is intensely bitter and it was used in my boyhood for making tansy tea, a villainous decoction which was used as a tonic and appetizer. I never was conscious of needing an appetizer, but it was considered proper at certain times to drink quantities of that bitter tea, and I had to do it.

* * *

I HAVE LOOKED THROUGH the pages for a plant that we called sour grass, but have not found it. Sour grass was a weed to which nobody paid much attention, as it grew only in sandy patches where nothing else would grow. The rather broad, long leaves were very sour, and we youngsters often ate them and tried to make ourselves believe that we liked them. I think, also, of the mullen, which grew like a hollyhock and bore yellow flowers. It may be of the hollyhock family. The mullen gave us no trouble, as it grew on gravelly hills and such places and not in cultivated fields.

seed capsules are ripe the seeds are forcibly ejected, sometimes being thrown to a distance of 13 feet. The persistence of the plant is due to its deep rooting habit and the fact that new plants will start from even tiny fragments of root. Thus plowing or otherwise disturbing the soil serves no purpose other than to spread the weed unless the

SOME TIME AGO I MENTIONED the changes which have been made in the form and content of the Literary Digest. The magazine Time refers to the founding of the Digest in 1890 by Dr. I. K. Funk and Dr. A. W. Wagnalls, two ordained Lutheran ministers who had been engaged for a few years in the publication of books for ministers and of the Homiletic Review. The founders have passed on, but the business continues under the



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same firm name under the management of Robert Joseph Cuddihy, who has been with the organization from the beginning. Time summarizes the recent changes in part as follows:

* * *

"IF THOSE TWO EMINENTLY worthy old gentlemen Dr. Isaac Kauffman Funk and Dr. Adam Willis Wagnalls could have returned to earth last week to check up on their Literary Digest, they might have suffered enough of a shock to send them kiting back to their Lutheran heaven.

"As recently as two weeks ago there would have been no shock at all. For, two weeks ago, they would have found the Digest bearing a tasteful painting of horses and riders taking a water-jump in a steeplechase. (Not quite so happy as one Digest cover of a year ago showing a tot peering into the eyes of a collie—Title: "Can't You Talk?" but nonetheless pleasing.) Thumbing through the copy the Drs. Funk & Wagnall would have found things just about as they left them, respectively in 1912 and 1924. In fact, things were much as they had been since 1905. There were the "Topics of the Day" and the "Foreign Comment," with editorial v. editorial, carton v. cartoon, colorlessly balanced. There were the familiar sentences of transition: "It seems to the Tribune that two effects will be observed: . . ." "Says H. H. Bennett, writing in the New York Times: . . ." "As the Auckland (N. Z.) Weekly News tells us: . . ." There were the "Current Poetry" column, and "The Spice of Life" page of jokes. That

"A Washington letter signed "Diogenes."

"Sport and cinema reviews, specially written and signed.

"Good old Digest pleasantries. ("Beauties in distress," was what the Digest called some unemployed women at an emergency relief camp.)

"If Drs. Funk & Wagnalls had suspected the newsdealer was playing a joke on them, they might have hurried to the Digest office and seen copies of this week's issue which sported no cover photograph but a caricature—of Budget Director Lewis W. Douglas by famed Cuban Artist Massaguer."

* * *

I HAVE HEARD SEVERAL expressions of regret over the change which has been made in the appearance of the magazine. One friend spoke of the cover picture "Can't You Talk?" as having special meaning for her, as a framed copy of that picture hung in her room when she was a child, and it is the first picture that she remembers. The feeling which I have found thus far is that the Digest has stepped down from the plane of dignity and beauty into the field of jazz.

* * *

WHILE ON THE SUBJECT OF magazines I may as well pay my respects to the Saturday Evening Post on account of a series of articles "On the Care and Feeding of Congress" by Katherine Dayton. I haven't read them all. I feel as the editor did who explained his rejection of a manuscript without reading it all through by saying that he didn't need to eat all of an egg to know that it was bad.

* * *

IN THIS SERIES, WHICH HAS occupied pages and pages, are some of the cheapest, flattest and dullest attempts at sophisticated cleverness that I have ever seen in the columns of a reputable magazine. When Will Rogers pokes fun at congress I can enjoy it, because there is meat in what he says. But in this case the writer seems to have tackled a big subject in the determination to be sarcastically funny without knowing quite how to go about it.

* * *

A GOOD MANY QUEER things happen in congress, and there are some queer characters in that body. Those oddities lend themselves naturally to burlesque, but when the entire body, and all its doings, are treated in a vein of self-satisfied superiority, with ab-

surd distortions of fact and clumsy attempts at wit, I want to throw a brick—and not at congress.

* * *

GRASSHOPPERS SEEM TO have no friends among the birds. The insects have not been especially numerous around the lawn this season, and those that do appear seem to have a hard time dodging the birds. Robins and sparrows are the most numerous of the birds, of course, and they are vigorous hunters of hoppers, and the sport seems to be enjoyed by other birds as well.

was two weeks ago. Last week what would they have found on the newsstands?

"A Digest whose cover consisted of a photograph of President Roosevelt, topped by a red band.

"On the first inside page, an article "Written for The Literary Digest by J. Frederick Essary." (Dr. Funk: "Adam, did you ever hear of original contributions in the Digest?" Dr. Wagnalls: "Never before, Isaac.")

"Clean typography.

Staff-written articles based on newspaper news.

DIFFERENT LANGUAGE CUSTOMS place difficulties in the way of international communication, even though translators may perform their work perfectly. Thus, when the message came from Jimmy Mattern in far-off Siberia that he was safe it took some time to figure the thing out at this end. The message was headed "Bocharova, Anadyr." Anadyr, it was discovered easily, is a town in north-east Siberia, but it was assumed at first that the message had originated in some inland place named Bocharova, which did not appear on any map. Through communication with the central telegraph office in Moscow it was learned that it is the custom in Russian telegraphy to precede the name of the town with the name of the operator sending the message. The heading of the message, therefore, meant that it was sent from Anadyr by an operator named Bocharova.



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VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON, the famous explorer, who is familiar with the Siberian territory, says that Anadyrsk was a trading post before Columbus discovered America, and it was through that post that Chinese goods found their way into Alaska by way of Bering strait. It was also through Anadyrsk, says Mr. Stefansson, that smoking came to the Eskimos. Tobacco from America went to China, and, together with the little Chinese opium pipes, found its way across the strait. Stefansson has found these pipes among Eskimos along the Mackenzie river delta, fully 1,000 miles east of Bering strait.

* * *

DOWN IN ILLINOIS A JURY has rendered a verdict of \$29,250 against a lawyer for failure to secure the acquittal of his client who was accused of murder and was convicted, though innocent. The innocence of the convicted man has since been established by the confession of two others that they committed the crime. It was charged that the lawyer knew of the guilt of these men while the trial of his client was in progress and that for some reason he failed to make proper use of his knowledge in defense of his client. If I am ever charged with a crime of which I am innocent I shall pull

that story on my lawyer. If he knows anything in my favor I want him to tell it.

* * *

SPEAKING OF MURDER trials, there is an old story of how one guilty man escaped conviction. Though the evidence against him was all circumstantial it would

have been sufficient to convict him had it not been that another man confessed that he, himself, had committed the crime. On the stand, tearful and seemingly repentent, he told a circumstantial story of how he had committed the murder. He made his story tally perfectly with the facts that were known. Without leaving the box the jury rendered a verdict of not guilty and the first prisoner was released. When the man who had confessed was arranged he calmly pleaded "Not guilty." The only evidence against him was his own confession, which was uncorroborated, and which he now repudiated. No case could be made against him. Perhaps there are legal flaws in that story, but it struck me as being a good yarn.

* * *

A FEW WEEKS AGO I PUBLISHED a letter from Miss Ernestine Mager, of Walhalla, telling of her experiences in one of the early floods in Winnipeg. Miss Mager, who has a store of reminiscences of early days, tells of early grasshopper plagues as follows:

* * *

"IN PAST YEARS THERE have been grasshopper plagues as bad and worse than the present one.

"In the late 70's postmasters were requested to make reports to Professor Cyrus Thomas, Entomologist at the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, D. C., on their habits, flights, etc.

"In one instance, specimens of different varieties were sent to him by mail in a perforated can. There were several sizes and colors, grey, black, green and brownish. One variety of a dirty, whitish color, had the lower part of the body thick and round and soft like a worm. On arriving at their destination, it was found that one half had devoured the other half, although there was plenty of food in the can.

"Some time in the 60's, dead grasshoppers were lying so thick about the store walls of Fort Garry, that the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company had to hire half-breeds to dig deep trenches in which to bury them and because of the unbearably nauseating stench, the men were heavily dosed with the best Hudson Bay rum so they could do their work.

* * *

"SO NUMEROUS AND VORACIOUS were the pests that they ate the paint off the houses, the bark off the trees, the clothes on the wash line, stained the clothes on your back, got into bed with you and pinched you. Sister St. Theresa, who practiced medicine at the St. Boniface Convent for the Grey Nuns, gave them pills and they ate them.

* * *

"THIS PROBABLY HAPPENED the year the grasshoppers cleaned out the "Red River Settlement" and the United States government generously came to the relief of unfortunate sufferers."